

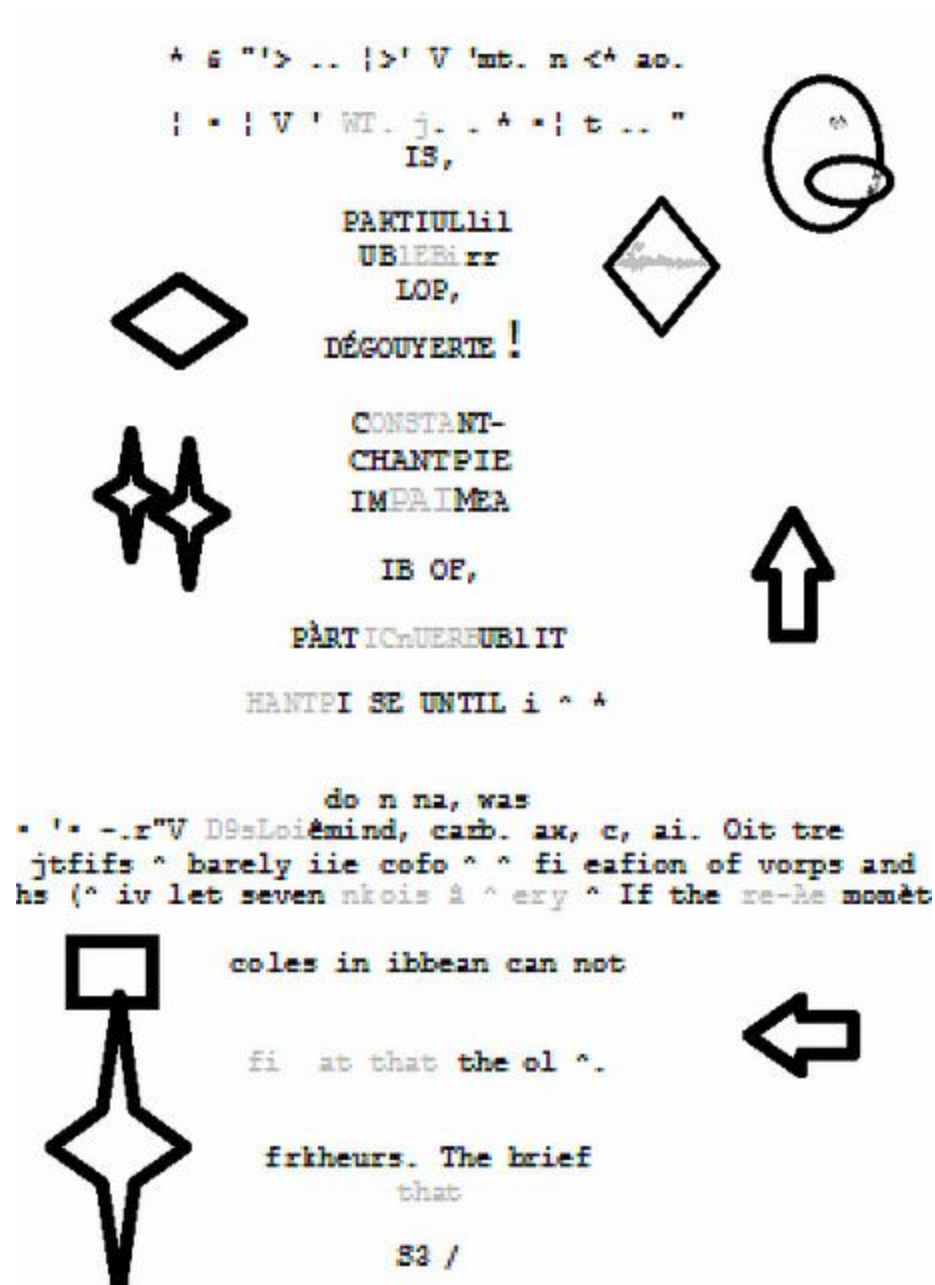
A POEM CALLED POME

ongoing research

jim leftwich

january 2017

For Bill Beamer -- many thanks



bill beamer - POME2000Untitled1

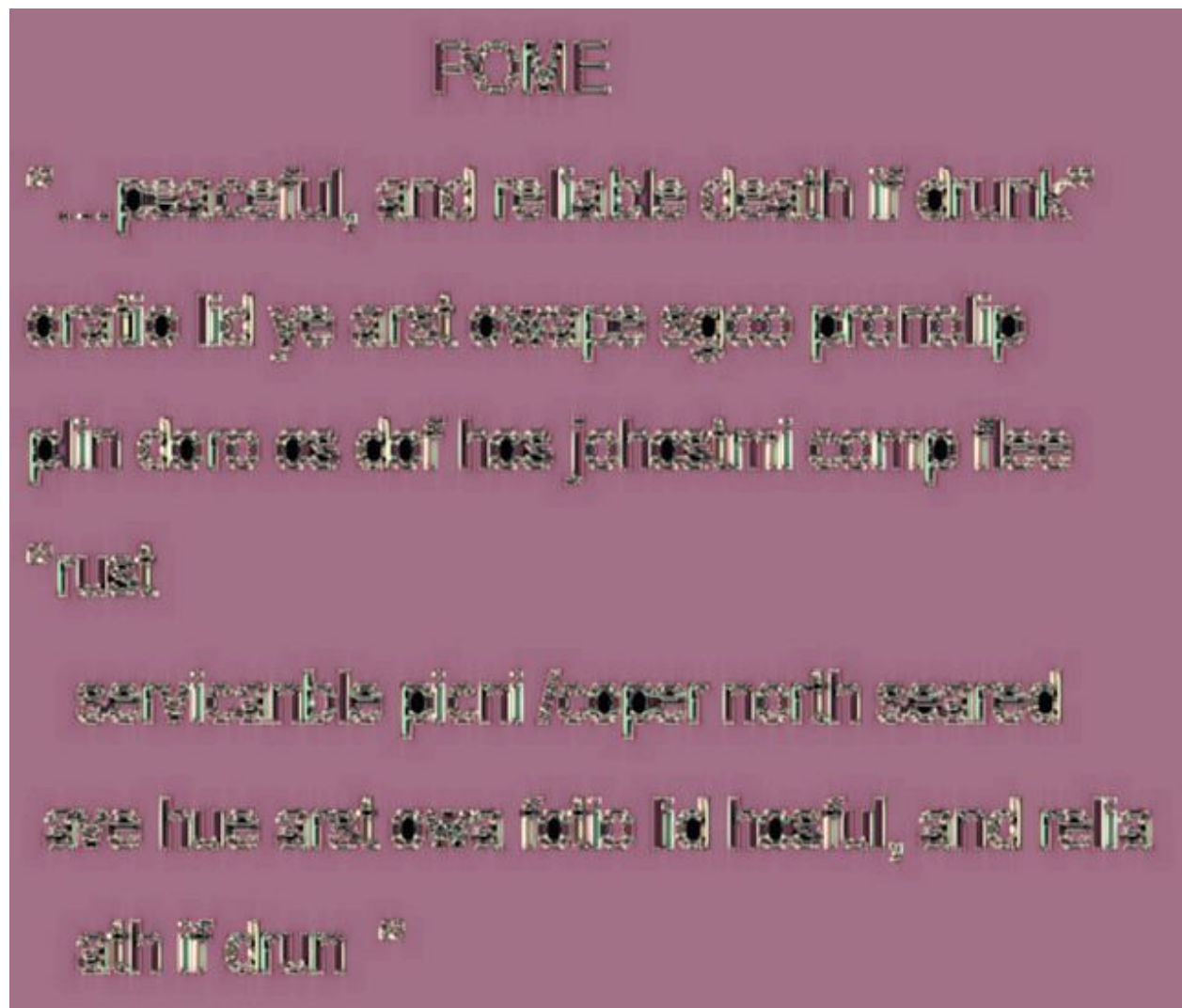
Posted at textimagepoetry 09.29.2014



Table of Contents

1. Walt Whitman
2. Ezra Pound
3. Charles Bukowski
4. Charles Olson
5. James Joyce
6. William Carlos Williams
7. Lord Byron
8. The Online Etymology Dictionary
9. Pomes Uv The Peepul
10. bpNichol
11. Jaimie Reid
12. bill bissett
13. Stephen Cain
14. Michael Basinski
15. Jack Kerouac
16. Paul Klee
17. Barbara Moraff
18. Rochelle Owens
19. Anselm Hollo
20. Jeffrey Joe Nelson
21. Stuart Perkoff
22. William Pitt Root
23. Roy Kiyooka
24. Elizabeth Spires
25. Elouise Loftin
26. Farid Lariby
27. J. D. Kuch
28. Dylan Thomas
29. troy lloyd
30. Bop Drombs
31. Tukhamatuit
32. Jwcurry
33. Arlo Yates
34. Bopping Drollocks
35. David UU
36. Earle Birney
37. Ahmad Ahamisi
38. Lanny Quarles

39. Refused (band)
40. Gordon Michael Allen
41. Robert Duncan
42. Steve Dalachinsky
43. Steve Dalachinsky & Jim Leftwich
44. Peter Laughner
45. Jeffrey Alexander
46. Ken Babbs
47. Rosaire Appel
48. Billy Bob Beamer
49. Bill Beamer & Jim Leftwich



bill beamer - POME435366

Posted at textimagepoetry 05.05.2014

Walt Whitman

"Careful (according to [Bronson] Alcott) to pronounce the word poem as the monosyllable 'pome,' he cultivated his reputation as 'one of the roughs.'" ([NYT](#) August 22, 1999)

[From Appleton's Journal, April 1st, 1876](#)

in Walt Whitman, by Richard Maurice Bucke (1883)

"Coincident with this external transformation there was an internal change equally marked. He made a strike in literature from his new standpoint. He had been scribbling away for years to no purpose, and at last he charged his old carbine with smut to the very muzzle, let drive, and brought down the first of American thinkers at the first shot. More literally, he issued a 'pome,' so called in his new vernacular, entitled Leaves of Grass. Mr. Whitman had never been celebrated; he had found nobody to celebrate him, and so the first words of his new book were, 'I celebrate myself.' It was a performance of unparalleled audacity."

and this version, from [Walt Whitman, by Paul Jamati](#) (1956)

"Coincident with this external transformation there was an internal change equally marked. He made a strike in literature from his new standpoint. He had been scribbling away for years to no purpose, [save, perhaps, of earning a sort of livelihood?], and at last he charged his old carbine with smut to the very muzzle, let drive, and [burst it? no] brought down the first of American thinkers at the first shot [with a ten or twenty-fold charge of smut!!]. More literally, he issued a 'pome,' so called in his new vernacular [the refined critic is apparently sarcastic, and means the vernacular of the roughs with whom W. consorted; for W. writes 'poem' like any ordinary man], entitled Leaves of Grass."

Ezra Pound

[Letter](#), February 8, 1917

Dear Margaret Anderson,

Don't think me a pig for not enclosing poem at once. The fact is I aint got no pome, and I've only got one 'story' ready for printing.

[...]

When I say, I aint got no pome, I don't think I am confessing to a complete sterility.

from [Ezra Pound: Poet. Volume II: The Epic Years, 1921 - 1939](#)

Anthony David Moody (2014)

"He was also preparing for Liveright a definitive edition 'of all Ezra Pound's poems except the unfinished 'Cantos', but 'throwing out... the 'soft' stuff, and the metrical exercises. The latter, he confessed, were 'what I once bluffed myself into believing were something more than exercises

but which no longer convince me that I had anything to say when I wrote 'em; or anything but a general feeling that it wuz time I wrote a pome'."

Charles Bukowski

[Longshot Pomes For Broke Players](#), 7 Poets Press (1962)

from *The Hunchback of East Hollywood: A Biography of Charles Bukowski*, by Aubrey Malone
"He liked Hemingway's statement, 'Just because I don't use the ten dollar words doesn't mean I don't know them.' He always wore his learning lightly, if at all. Otherwise he felt he would alienate the people who put him where he was, the 'ordinary people'. Those who went to the races, to the bars, to the seedy boudoirs, to the girlie magazines. He wanted to bring poetry to those who had never read it before. He preferred 'pomes' to 'poems', as he showed when he called one of his books *longshot pomes for broke players*.

Pomes were literary things that had overtones of erudition and sterility. Pomes, on the contrary, were explorations drawn from real life, from the gutter, the dockyard, the slaughterhouse, the boxcar, the deli at the end of the block where the hookers hung out, and maybe their pimps as well. He wanted to democratise literature, to bring his cast of characters into the literary magazines, this rogue's gallery."

Charles Olson

[in a letter to Caresse Crosby](#), July 23, 1948

"And Keats on Claude's Enchanted Castle -- which is the finest thing K left, and nobody knows it. It's hidden. Look at it. It's in his "supplementary verses", called "An Epistle to James Reynolds", about March, I think, 1818. Such lines as:

Lost in a purgatory blind
the Robin
ravens a worm
I saw
too far into the sea, where every maw
the greater on the less feeds

It is the last reach of him, the promise of what he might have done, that Masaccio he was (almost). The pome of Claude is unKeats."

James Joyce

[Pomes Penyeach](#) (written 1904 - 1924, published 1927)

[from the item-description page at the British Library Collection](#)

“As a publication, Pomes Penyeach displays something of Joyce’s playful humour. ‘Pomes’ plays on ‘poems’ and ‘pommes’ (French for ‘apple’); the booklet was covered in a pale apple-green paper, which biographer Richard Ellmann reveals to be the same shade as Joyce’s favourite apple, the Calville. Sold for 12 pennies (1 shilling) or 12 francs – ‘penyeach’ = ‘a penny each’ – the addition of a thirteenth poem makes the collection a ‘tilly’, the Irish term equivalent to a ‘baker’s dozen’ and the title of the opening poem. The colophon (publisher’s notice) reveals that thirteen special edition copies were printed on Dutch handmade paper. “

William Carlos Williams

[Readie Pome](#) (1931)

Grace - face: hot - pot: lank - spank: meat - eat:
hash - cash: sell - well: old - sold: sink - wink: deep -
sleep: come - numb: dum - rum: some - bum.

from [Re-covering Modernism: Pulps, Paperbacks, and the Prejudice of Form](#)

by David M. Earle

"Inspired by Duchamp, [Bob] Brown had formerly tried to capture the cubist's visuality in the printed word, and the readies were an extension of that. And it is obvious that Brown's idea caught on: two books of Readie poems were produced, Brown's own *The Readies* (1930) and *Readies For Bob Brown's Machine* (1931), which included contributions by Gertrude Stein, Hilaire Hiler, James T. Farrell, Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Nancy Cunard, Robert McAlmon, and Eugene Jolas."

from [Digital Modernism: Making It New in New Media](#)

by Jessica Pressman

"Even with the ambiguous technical descriptions Brown provides for the Readies, one can imagine how Williams's poem might be read on the reading machine. 'Grace-face' would appear onscreen before being replaced by 'hot-pot'; the same sequential replacement would happen with 'lank-spank,' 'meat-eat,' and so forth. The colons separate the text pairings into discrete poetic units, each of which occupies nearly the same amount of space on the page and makes them, in a sense, visually interchangeable. The colons also demarcate possible movements of the reading machine, particularly changes between screens, so that the poem's text-units would flash before the reader's eyes in a series of montage-like replacements. Rhyme supports this sense, for the word pairs operate through an internal serialization of phonemes: 'gr' is replaced by 'fa.' while 'ace' remains. The result is an aural and visual act of textual montage that breaks up the poem into a flashing series of linguistic elements."

Lord Byron

from *The Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*

page 247

[Letter to Mr. Moore](#), September 19, 1821

"I hope you like, at least, the concluding lines of the Pome?"

[Letter to Mr. Moore](#), July 13, 1820

from The Letters and Journals of Lord Byron

page 183

"Pray send and publish your Pome upon me; and don't be afraid of praising me too highly. I shall pocket my blushes."

[Letter to John Cam Hobhouse](#), 11.11.1818

"Besides this 'Pome' there is 'Mazeppa' and an Ode on Venice -- the last not very intelligible -- and you may omit it if you like -- Don Juan -- and Mazeppa are perhaps better -- you will see."

from The Online Etymology Dictionary

[poem](#) (n.) 1540s (replacing poesy in this sense), from Middle French poème (14c.), from Latin poema "composition in verse, poetry," from Greek poema "fiction, poetical work," literally "thing made or created," early variant of poiema, from poein, poiein, "to make or compose" (see poet). Spelling pome, representing an ignorant pronunciation, is attested from 1856.

Pomes Uv The Peepul,

by a Syndicate of The Amalgamated Di'lect Forgers' Union

(by [Thomas Stewart Denison](#)), 1904

bpNichol

[Pome Poem](#) (1982)

"a pome is a poem"

"A Little Pome for Yur Fingertips"

[Easter Pome](#)

in The Alphabet Game,

from [Konfessions of an Elizabethan Fan Dancer](#) (1967/1973)

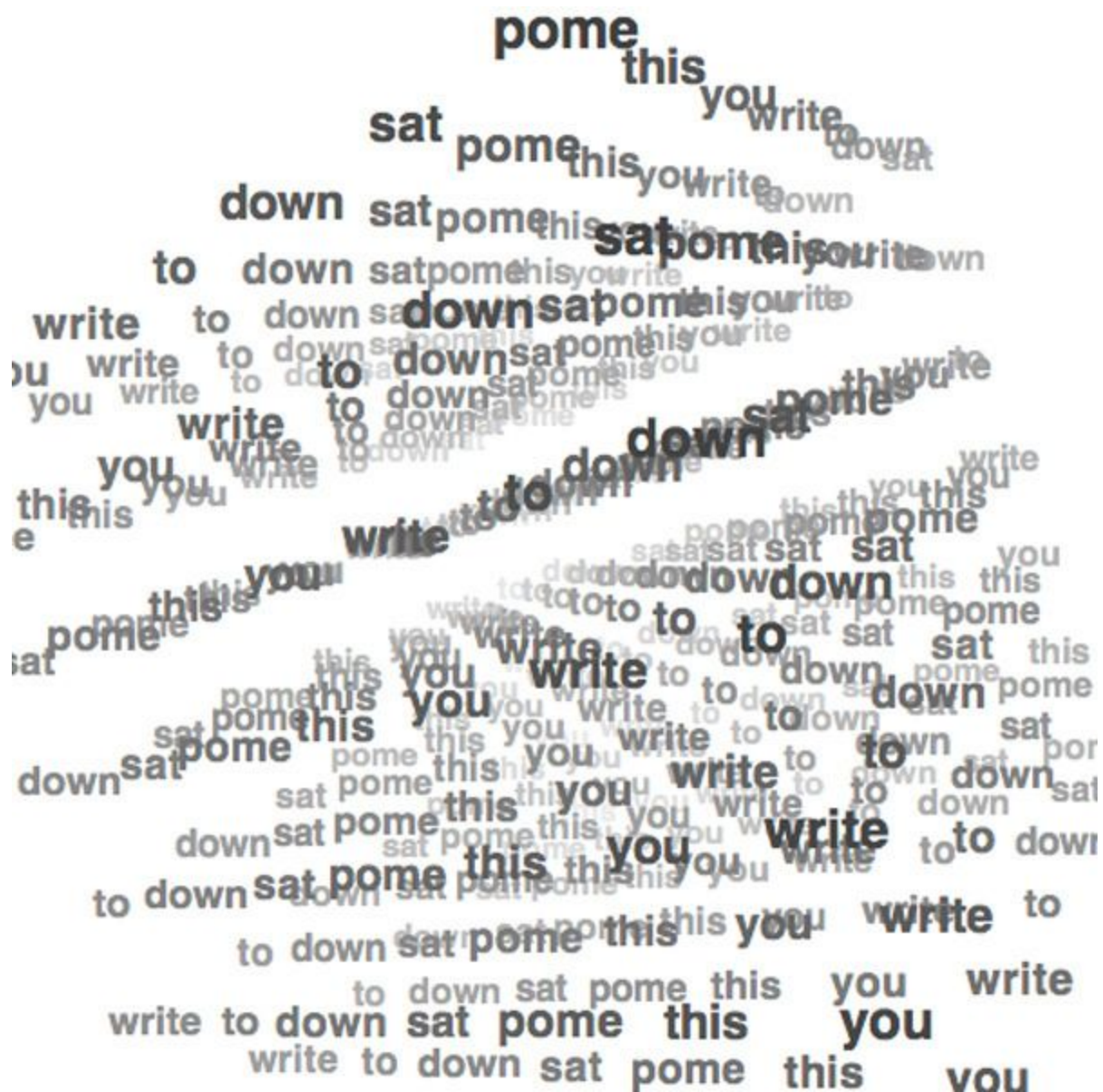
Pome in Five Parts

21st Birthday Pome

Pome for Kenneth Patchen

Fish Pome

[sat down to write you this pome](#)



bpnichol, screenshot from sat down to write you this pome
 posted at [visual poetry](http://visualpoetry.com) by anatol knotek, 02.16.2011

from [Aka Bpnichol: A Preliminary Biography, by Frank Davey](#):

"In a May [1965] letter [to Arnold Shives] he [Nichol] offered an expanded definition of the 'ideopome', writing that the distinction between 'poem' and 'pome' was meaningful because the 'pome' could be numerous things -- a piece of typography, an optical trick, a small burst of sound. A 'pome' can tear words apart as well as link them together. Through them a reader can

learn to fill gaps, anticipate the unexpected, to see things that aren't openly visible, he argued. He adapted Philip Whalen's definition of a poem as a 'graph of a mind moving' -- which he'd probably encountered in Donald Allen's The New American Poetry anthology -- to call a pome a graph of mind moving through space into various elements of language. But he also told Shives that the pome has no author because any person could have created it. It identifies a framework of meaning and shows what else could dwell there."

from Aka Bp nichol: A Preliminary Biography, by Frank Davey:

[George] Bowering, in a letter dated July 29, 1965, informed Barrie that his 'ideopomes' elsewhere in the world would be called 'concrete poems', or 'Kon,' and that he hasn't seen any Kon that makes him excited or very interested."

Jaimie Reid

[Th Pome Wuz A Storee Nd Is Th / Storee: Th Erlee Daze Uv Blewointment](#)

originally published in The Capliano Review (1997)

also in bill bissett: essays on his works, Guernica Press, 2002

bill bissett

Tuff shit: love pomes. Windsor, Ont.: Bandit/Black Moss Press, 1970.

Pomes for yoshi. Vancouver: Blewointmentpress, 1972.

Pomes for yoshi. 2nd edition. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1977.

"Pome for Oolijah"

["sound pome writing"](#)

from [Preface to fires in the tempul](#), by Scott Watson

in bill bissett: essays on his works

edited by Linda Rogers

Guernica Editions 2002

"The search from Rousseau to bissett is for culture before civilization, and for experience before culture; thus the intense interest in childhood throughout the modern experiment. As Kandinsky put it: 'There is an unconscious and enormous force in the child which manifests itself here and which puts the work of the child on an equally high plane (and often much higher!) level as the work of the adult.' The magical world of the child, with all its libidinal precociousness, is what bissett is after in his paintings, which come from a shaman-like personal cosmology."

Stephen Cain

Pome For Viktor Shklovsky (2000)

on [Carnivocal](#): A Celebration of Sound Poetry (CD)

Red Deer Press (1999)

Michael Basinski

[The Sound Pome Today Must Come to Bum Impoemivsational](#), House Press, Canada, 2001

The Sound Pome Today Must Come to Bum Impoemivsational

Improvisational phoneticism and a constellation of improvisational techniques that utilizes all forms of sound equals an improvisational poetry or expressionistic poetry where all forms and multi-forms of poetic music can become part of a random aural poem spewing from the open door of the poet's imagination.

Gone are the days, my overly scholarly, politically narrow minded, and economically endowed poet friends, when long hours of nightly masturbation and the freezing of words only on the helpless leaf will suffice.

Our form now shall be all spontaneous vocalization above and below speech and speaking, seeking and beseeching voice and the humdrum of the voice reading dictionary words. And also included will be all aspects of possible human manufactured sound, which could and will include eating, drinking, tapping the foot, slapping and clapping the hands, slapping the face, spanking and speaking, and noise and various noise abstraction. Singing and sing song, yes. A measure by breath only, no. But that can be an instrument also. This open syndicate places instantaneous, spontaneous music, expressive and experimental creatively back in the text without locking the text, like other toy trains, locked onto preordained dull shaped track patterns.

And relies upon aural presentation of literary score (what the ancient called a poem AKA antique text) and the delivery is accomplished by an individual performer in performance using ALL performance possibilities.

Poetry might even become popular if the trash collector's can banging becomes poetry. After all any imbecile may make noise.

How arrogant of those late night, over stuffed, too well read, bitter lettuce eaters to claim the word poem to mean what they write WHAT ARE void of expressionistic sound. It AINT correct to write the word SOUND and next to it the word POEM. It is an act consolatory. A defiant mood of poetry seize the word poem redefine its operative meaning and condemn the antique poem to the dust bin of literary history.

Antinue poems are restrictive in their reading rather than expressive. For all the talk of music, little music is made, simply because music, which is sound is absent. Most antinue poetry prefer soundless poetry.

The era and realm of the audio nature of words, letters, consonants and constellations of some, all or any of these and where pitch and noise becomes the prominent technique of the poem is most welcome. Our poem shifts focus from the (dictionary) meaning centered (narrative or non narrative) poem to a poem centered on the audio nature of words, letters.

Reading poems isn't any longer reading but allowing, opening the body imagination to become an instrument of poetry. All persons are poets. The conversation is poetry. Live performance as in instantaneous interpretation of un-mapped poetic terrain is the only Live performance of improvisation poetry or the Improvisational entity.

Some proposals:

The Improvisational is the SUPERNATURAL LEFT OF POETRY.

Perform the poetic imagination with the tool of: THE ANTILOGICAL PROPOSITION. The antilogical proposition. The poem acts as a pathway — a map to a divine instance.

That is how inspired is the poetry not how perfect is frozen on the page.

It is not only what the text said that counted but how the text is presented — the poem is said the own phonetically — but where and what is said — the state of the poet or the poet in the state of the her imagination

The increased speed of improvisation leads to apocalyptic reform/performance dance. Here the word poems equal sound sensation. Calling into time its own style and judgement and oral tradition.

Phoneticism of symbols live, shapes, talking sings. - composed of expressive script — all possible numance at any time - improvisational minutes. — multi-lingual state = leap into the impossibilities

Language tricks to the degree the poet merges with the divine the poet enters the imagination and the act of that becomes the poetry.

as many different forms of sound that can be uttered becomes the poetry. The range of the poet's ability to deliver aurally, not the frozen

can occur and should because it is the range of the poet, not the technique. or deep philosophical understanding that governs the poem.

It is the performance and it is the personality of that performance that is the poem. It is the amount of duende and the number of duende within the poet that is the measure of the poem.

Reading rate increases accelerates so the sound poems translate it as you the reader falls into the score — the poem translates itself. And that translation is also part of the poem.

The axiom that the writing reflected spoken language and thus words order could used to determine the word even when you could not read it therefore make an improvised meaning not to read but to read is to sound. Meant and meaning — again are left with books — a good, safe and suburban place for them.

Sound poems has a sacred proposition that has the capability to capture the order (the ordered chaos) of the cosmos and to inform dictionary history to give form to poetry ritual (reading the poem as exposing the immigration of the poet) and to transform the profane material of the dictionary in the supernatural.

WRITING IT - Improvisational guidelines:

The contents of a word contain emotional, cultural, political and sociological history, and any number of icals not here mentioned. As is, these Tupperware words - tupperwords - are the stuff of most poetry. The dictionary is a burial crypt larger than all of Egypt. Inside tupperwords is the moldy stuff you should have had for lunch 10 days ago.

The question is how to you spell YOUR words

The convention of text as the crasis of poetry changes directly to the poet as vessel of poetry.

Improvisational poetry mixes systems utilized fully composed words, words signs combined with signs representing word signs, combinations with signs representing sounds of syllables.

Sound poetry is spells words were signs representing individual sounds as well as signs representing whole words

A phonetic complement, a possible paratactic on a single word all consonants are utilities or possible

Spell the word using only phonetic signs strings or scapes of images or a combination of both - composed of a consonant-vowel consonant string

Semantic determinative — the word that should be read. The word becomes an image of a word an intermediary between sound and text a thing that exists is performance only.

Writing in cuneiform without breaks, and cue also strengthens.

Improvisation I poetry maenad the written poem is simply a sound map or guide and it used only a May pole or poet around which to move.

Jack Kerouac[Pomes All Sizes](#)

(written 1954 - 1965, published 1992)

Poim

Pome

Pome On Doctor Sax

Goofball Sillypomes

Various Little Pomes

Silly Goofball Pomes

The Moose is a noble dolt

The Elk is a fool

The Rhinoceros is the biggest bore of them all

The Hippopotamus is a Giant River Pig

The Hyena is a striped dog who thought he was a laughing Horse

The Lion is a Queer Cat who by the power of his Queerness

Became a great Jowled Cat

The Tiger is a pure cat

The Panther hates cats

The Cheetah is a dog who thought he was a Fast Cat

The Giraffe is a Horse who grew fond of Tree-Top Leaves

The Snake has a body beautiful, and the Elephant is the Lord

The Hook & Curl of his trunk, the long-lashed Eye

The Sloth is a Chinese Poet upside down

The Ant-Eater is a long-nosed investigator of Villages

The Scorpion is a Sea-Spider trapped on land

The Whale is more so

The man is very strange

The Spider monkey is a little fool

The Pekinese Doll is a dog

The Dachshund is a snake full of love

The Siamese Cat is an Angry Monkey

The Woman is a cellular mesh of lies as well as a Scratcher

The Woman has a dark blossom between her thighs

The Buddha is Known

The Messiah is Unborn

The Boll Weevil is a pants rotter
The ant a Warrior
The worm is a long history oozing out of Who?
Who !
Mu !
Wu !
The dog is a god
The dog is a balker
The Leopard is Incontinent, said Dante
Free from the Severity of Leopard
The Angel Rules the Jungle
Blake is Blake
The Cow has its own way with water
And the Tick sticks in your hair & swells
The Shark I never Saw
The purple ass baboon is Insane
The Sparrow is a little grey bird
The Chimpanzee is Wise
The American a Sniper
The Gull a bringer of Snail Shells
The Parrot I love
The snail knows the Unborn Void of Tao
And that's why he left his house for Gull
The Sea Bird is all Belly
Crows are Dawn Singers
The Bee hums busily
The Frog leaped out of Water
The Abominable Snowman is not abominable at all
He dosen't hurt anybody
The Rat has many theories
The Spider means money
The Fly has Seven Million brothers
The Seal is on my roof

The Goose goes north
The Robin wins the spring
The caterpillar waits
The Nightingale I have been
The mockingbird loves TV aerials
The Rabbit
The vulture trails the Puma
The wolf snaps the bear
The Lizard

The Eeel
The Octopus
The Tapeworm
The Finger
The Cock
The Germ
The Fingernail
The Wall

The Swordfish has a Beak of Wood
The Lobster is friendly
The flea leaps
The Cockroach is Reverenced
The Bedbug rolls

Rose Pome

I'd rather be thin than famous,
I dont wanta be fat,
And a woman throws me outa bed
Callin me Gordo, & everytime
I bend
to pickup
my suspenders
from the davenport
floor I explode
loud huge grunt-o
and disgust every one
in the familio
I'd rather be thin than famous
But I'm fat

Paste that in yr. Broadway show.

Paul Klee

[BIMBO'S POME](#) (1932)

-In the manner of Klee's favourite cat, named Bimbo--

The Master noes what he wants.

he noes whow.

But has one vice: not smokeing.
But skatches with wip of hoarsehair on the vielin,
that herts Bimbo so mutch in his ear.

Barbara Moraff

"Pome"

in Beatitude Anthology, 1960

from [Merely Being There Is Not Enough: Women's Roles in Autobiographical Texts by Female Beat Writers](#), by Heike Mlakar (2008)

"In 1963, Kerouac was asked which female writers of the time he would include in a selective compilation of Beat texts. Kerouac named four females in his listing of 27 writers, among them Barbara Moraff as 'best girl poet' and [Diane] di Prima as 'other best girl poet'. He also claimed Denise Levertov and Lois Sorrells should be included."

from [A History of Twentieth-Century American Women's Poetry](#)

edited by Linda A. Kinnahan (2016)

"Four Young Lady Poets (1962) offered an alternative to the lyric default settings of earlier collections, provoking readers with raw diction, untamed forms, and performativity. Violating poetic propriety, Carol Berge, Barbara Moraff, Rochelle Owens, and Diane Wakowski offered new work that was at once experiential and experimental."

Rochelle Owens

[Pome For The Terrible Mother](#)

from I Am the Babe of Joseph Stalin's Daughter
Kulchur Foundation (1972)

POME FOR THE TERRIBLE MOTHER

Ma nip (go away)
my bullet ma be a good gal
MA KISS FLAGRANTLY
Ma nip (go away) slightly
nebuLOUSEly miMICKing
like a shadow (butcher)
coMINGing on Shekinah
carving the Slovaks man nananimal

man nananimal
Slaz the harvest fly's
hard meat HARD 'nd harmless
ma I'm natural (but)
Ma nip (go away) slightly

Anselm Hollo

"Cat Pome"

in Braided River (Salt Modern Poets, 2005)

a poem from Johnny Cash Writes a Letter to Santa Claus
Writers Forum, 1998

now too old to run away
(three months older than Donald Duck)
well they still seem to need me
& feed me at least some of them do
"Are you in the middle of something?"
"No I'm totally marginalized"
but still interested in these critters
walking lyrics to the grand abstruse song
so singular they are
in their parts assigned reassigned
& Lyn Hejinian quoted Shklovsky
"Role of Art—to kill Pessimism"
translation not a matter of one to one
relationships any more than anything else is

Zophus the cat well pleased and even amazed
by his consciousness in successful leap

Jeffrey Joe Nelson

[a car / A Pome](#)

Auguste Press 2010

Stuart Perkoff

[Kowboy Pomes](#)

The Croupier Press, Golden, CO. 1973

it is on consideration of time that
the past cannot blind
us, cannot bring the sweat
rigid on the body

as tho to say
there is now no sun
no dust
no street
no risk & need that dance in the shimmering air
no visions of distance & of
that face so close & deadly on our own

William Pitt Root

["Pome Ex Cathedra"](#)

from The Adventures of Pome (1981)

Roy Kiyooka

[Pear Tree Pomes](#)

Coach House Press, 1987

just the other day i ate up the last bowlful of
your preserved pears and wasn't it just the day before
'yesterday' we stood in the back-alley looking up
at its array of white blossoms and under our breath say
how lucky we are to find such a splendid clapboard
house with its own tall pear tree . eight brimfilld years
spoke to me as i put the last sliver in my mouth and
suckt up all the sweet pear juice . from here on in i'll
have to go it alone if i'm to compost another spring.
i'll miss your preserved pears your paring knife and son.
p/s there's a dozen pears rotting on top of the camper

Elizabeth Spires

[Pome](#)

in Poetry Magazine, November 2012

POME

From flowering gnarled trees
they come, weighing down
the branches, dropping
with a soft sound onto
the loamy ground. Falling
and fallen. That's a pome.

Common as an apple. Or
more rare. A quince or pear.
A knife paring away soft skin
exposes tart sweet flesh.
And deeper in, five seeds in a core
are there to make more pomes.

Look how it fits in my hand.
What to do? What to do?
I could give it to you.
Or leave it on the table
with a note both true and untrue:
Ceci n'est pas un poème.

I could paint it as a still life,
a small window of light
in the top right corner
(only a dab of the whitest white),
a place to peer in and watch it
change and darken as pomes will do.

O I remember days....
Climbing the branches of a tree
ripe and heavy with pomes.
Taking whatever I wanted.
There were always enough then.
Always enough.

Diane di Prima

"Pome About Freddie" (1958, published in [Freddie Poems](#), 1974)

"Love Pomes," in *Naked Ear*, No. 11 (n.d., late 1950s)

Elouise Loftin

[Barefoot Necklace](#): Pome(s), Jemima House, 1975

They'll Nevah Get Me

the way my eye
balls dry up and flake
away down the front of
my sweater and on my shoes
and people ask what are
you looking for
the way my lips fight my
teeth turn white and crack
like pumpkin seeds the children
bless the streets with
this is the pain
today i saw your face in
a book
flesh grinning and dancing
across the page hiding the
pain or ignorant to it
that is then how it was
you'd say
that is now how it is
you should remember
i see more of you
my eyeballs flaking down
my face chest and shoes
like this
nothing changes sometimes
the degree of blindness
is more or less varied
i want to see
with less pain
i thought today

its all about a
battle for mind
and who's got yours

Farid Lariby

["Pome Brut"](#)

in Black, Brown & Beige: Surrealist Writings From Africa and the Diaspora
edited by Franklin Rosemont and Robin D. G. Kelley
University of Texas Press, 2009

J.D. Kuch

Pome to Peter Orlovsky

in [THE MARRAHWANNAH QUARTERLY, Vol. 3, No. 3](#) Cleveland: Renegade Press, 1967

Peter
baby
when you're not rappin'
are you thinkin'?
'cause
if you're not
from the way you rap
's an awful lot of brain
goin' to waste

"Lenore Kandel, J.D. Kuch, save me!"

-- last line of Part Two: The Well, in [SUBURBAN MONASTERY DEATH POEM](#)
by d.a.levy

Dylan Thomas

in "[Praise To The Architects](#)"

"A pome's a building on a page"

note by editor Daniel Jones:

"This follows 'Greek Play In A Garden' in the Buffalo Notebook, and is given the same date of composition, July 7th, 1933. The word 'pome', used in line 11, may have originated in Joyce's Pomes Penyeach (1927), but I cannot recall and do not think it did. It was a jocular version of the word 'poem' often used by Thomas and his friends, sometimes satirically, as here, but more

often with a kind of affectionate informality. 'Pomes' were, of course, written by 'potes' and bound into almost wafer-thin volumes of 'potry'.

troy lloyd

[pome for Cavan McCarthy](#)

at wrd.wthiin.woord, 01.20.2009

Bop Drombs

Pome

at [The New Post-literate](#): A Gallery of Asemic Writing 04.22.2014

Pome

at [The New Post-literate](#): A Gallery of Asemic Writing 09.24.2014

Tukhamatuit

Pome

at [The New Post-literate](#): A Gallery of Asemic Writing 08.24.2014

jwcurry

[Curvd H&Z Press](#)

No Cents. Pomes a Penny 1-33. 1980.

Pome. 1981

Spring Pome. 1983.

[Pome](#)

second edition of 1 cent #74, 1985

Arlo Yates

[Pome](#)

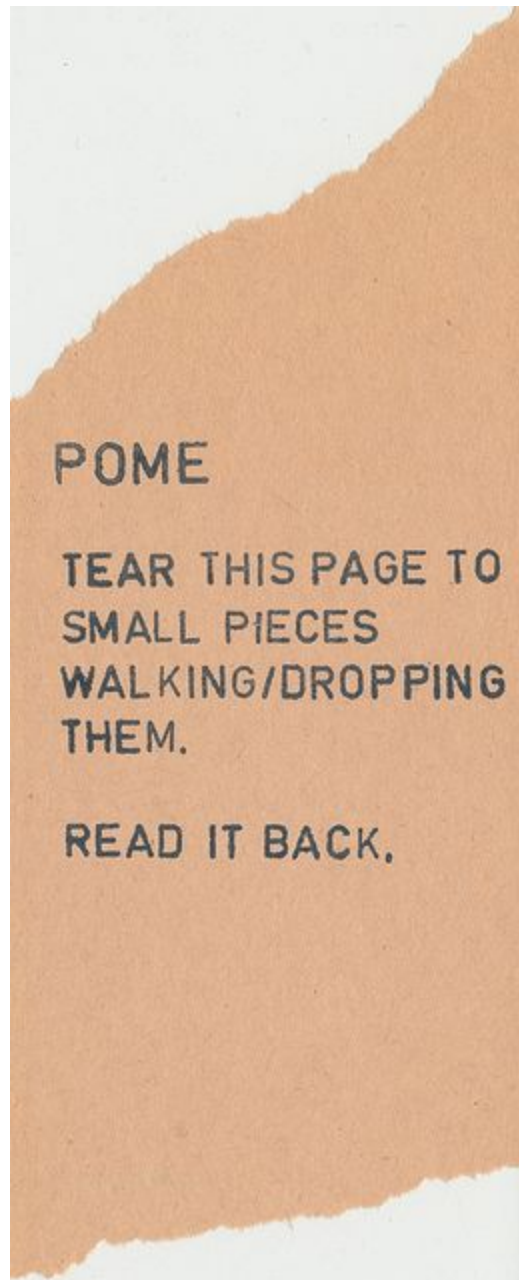
published at Utsanga, 12.20.2014

Tukhamatuit

[Bopping Drollocks](#) - A book of pomes by someone what isn't called Bop Drombs.

"My handwritten pome books; each of the 50 books contains the same 25 or so pomes (with some variations) all of which have been written entirely by hand over the course of 8 or so months."

posted to Tuktamahuit, 08.12.2014



David UU

[Bibliography](#)

June Pome (for barrie)

Fleye Press, 1966

Pome / by David W. Harris [David UU], Brown Miller & Jiri Valoch





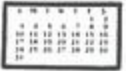







Gronk 6/7, 1967

Earle Birney

[PNOMES JUKOLLAGES & OTHER STUNZAS #3](#) (1970)

"Pnomes are gnomic mnemonic pomes to remember things like the kooks of the monk and who mad them."

"POME FER REEDNZ IN KANDA"

1970	PNOME	1970
JANISSARY  eloi ogg	CASSIWARY  mai chin chu	MARSH  abe rillway
RAPERY  jan s waring	MAJOR  fred v waring	JUBILEE  marcia prill
AUGUSTIN  d c m burr	TIMBER  toby gnome	HOG TOE  bernault femmebeurre
BURN OFF  m burgeon	EMBER DAY  jeanne ouaire	SOMBRE  ossip m birrock
<p>"Pnomes are gnomic mnemonic pomes to remember things like the kooks of the monk and who mad them." earle birney</p>		

Ahmed Alhamisi

[Holy Ghosts: Pomes](#)

Broadside Press, Detroit, 63 pages (1972)

Sean Flaherty

[Subway Pomes](#) (1991 - 2014)

Lanny Quarles

[beatnik pome](#)

at jellybean weirdo with electric snake fang, 02.15.2016

my swollen beatnik joy
may be more turgid hip and swinging
than thine own
but I would never say it's so
cuz the universe is just
one bleak kid
swinging rafter
art holy monkey shining
bright brigged
rigged deep
into the night
what a crystal chain!
lupine lupercal
loopy...

REFUSED

[Bruitist Pome #5](#)

on The Shape of Punk to Come CD (1998)

Gordon Michael Allen

[Th Good Witch](#): a 'chanted free pome
Cunning Linguist Press, Toronto, 1999



Robert Duncan

Letter to Denise Levertov

May 19, 1958

in [The Letters of Robert Duncan and Denise Levertov](#)

"It's this element of its being established in the real (experienced) somewhere in actual life so that the life in the poem draws from and feeds -- that distinguishes the fanciful from the engaged image. It don't add to the poetic of said pome to enlarge upon its meaning, but it do verify my simple initial certainty in unsureness: that the elements (melos) of the poem had authority (melody)."

Steve Dalachinsky

[pome for matthew shipp](#)

so/lo @ tribes 3/13/10

at textimagepoem, 03.19.2010

["Spontaneous Crossword Pome"](#) (29 Oct 2005)

posted by Geof Huth at qbdp, 10.04.2006

Steve Dalachinsky and Jim Leftwich

from Fictions Deleted

Vugg Books, 2007 & [Tlpress](#) 2016

since when by means of (a pome of 3 5 line stanzas)

since when by means of
thence pense
thrice the john doe religion
no family licensed conditions
silence details the song

grimace
plastic camera's demise
while objects continue their lives
thru both barrels at once
like finding a seat in a movie

seams increase
so much better than pavement
the apathy of lust
every 5 ends prize fighting
inside out of site

november 2006

not word nor pictures penned (a pome in 3 stanzas of 4 lines each)

not word nor pictures penning worse
there riddled extent the bowlegs
never a memory as poor as this
nor clearly clean

when i wake and dress collapsing flesh
in spirit in spite of destined disguise
economics begin a straddled prox a
posit as if as is deposited in

the customer's always write
the lawsuit generally better
between the 2 vectors lie & truth (ah)
was once collapsed or culled

november 2006

Peter Laughner**["Cindy Pome"](#)**

" [Peter Laughner] [Poetry] Singer, Geoffrey & C. A. Smith, Charlotte Pressler, Kristen Ban Tepper, eds. Cleveland Anthology [with] The Second Cleveland Anthology. Cleveland: Pranayama Publications, 1975-1983. First edition. 8vo. Offset printed and perfect bound in wraps. Both numbers limited to 1000 copies. A hint of rubbing to extremities, a touch of bumping at head of spine of number 2; very good to near fine. \$125. Both volumes published of this sizable and varied anthology project, which published a wide spectrum of area poets. There are some interesting punk ties here; The first volume is notable for the inclusion of two poems by Peter Laughner, 'Cindy Pome' (presumably about the same Cindy that inspired the name of Cinderella Backstreet) and 'For Charles Bukowski'. These are the only published poems by Laughner we have been able to track down. The second anthology included Charlotte Pressler as co-editor, and also included poems by Bernie Joelson. The first volume is not unduly scarce, but the second volume is much scarcer than its limitation would suggest; this is the first copy we've handled, and OCLC locates no holdings."

Jeffrey Alexander**[Pome Pome Tones](#)**

released 11.30.2012

Ken Babbs**[A Cassady Pome](#)**

Ever hear of Neal Cassady?
the Beat Generation legend
Best friends with Jack Kerouac
On the Road was Jack's book
and Cassady was the character
named Dean Moriarty,
the man who bridged time
between the Beats, the Pranksters
and the Psychedelic Revolutionaries
The drug agents weren't impressed
They called him Johnny Potseed
and he did two years
for two joints
and when he got out
he drove to
Kesey's house on

Perry Lane across the street
from the Stanford golf course
talking all the time
and never repeating himself once,

the rear end went out
of his jeep station wagon
and he spent all weekend
repairing it while the
neighborhood croquet game
went on around him
and he enlightened them
with mystifying quips
we're fourth dimensional beings
inhabiting a three dimensional body
living in a two dimensional world
black and white, good and evil
with a touch of grey

Rosaire Appel

[split-level pomes](#)

Press Rappel, 2015

"Considering the split between words and images, reading and looking, thinking and experiencing - does anything remain level for long?

This book is a visual meditation on split levels by way of pomes. A pome is a dyslectic version of poem – or it is a typographically erroneous home. Either way, the pages consist of drawings and words, lines and letters, a few abstract comics and asemic diagrams. Daily news, unavoidable, slips in behind the scenes."

Billy Bob Beamer (aka Bill Beamer)

[Early Pomes](#)

white sky books (2011)

03.2010 - 03.2011

"these pomes first appeared in Peter Ganick's experiential-experimental literature"

note at white sky books lulu site:

"not 'poems' but 'pomes', a new form invented/discovered by Billy Bob Beamer. with a background in music the pomes read as musical scores. inventive syntactically."

[Dead In Ethyl](#)

white sky books, 2013

from the Foreword, by Matt Margo: "Not even the most seasoned admirer of Billy Bob Beamer's poems—which are so radically abstract in both form and content that Beamer himself has christened them as POMES in order to separate his work from traditional conceptions of poetry (a small phonetic change to account for a grand difference)—would know what to expect of Dead in Ethyl before reading it."

[Playhouse Pomes](#)

white sky ebooks, 2013

[Pomes](#)

asemic vispo

white sky ebooks 2014

[Pome #44 & Pome #44.a](#)

at textimagepoem, 11.14.2010

POME#44

wonder bones aside reactor traymork
walking dubershire bats a hipmoves in
local eye strut columns pierce blue tugi
watch nin nun fouslegs like shen ded pot
butte traid bounce doonioon hats marksat
wonder folk jot shinglepassion never looked

local strut clue columnseye pierce bluetherapie
bones wonderside tractor blossoms walking onite
kittyshire nip nun houselegs like shore died looksit
cutte raid announce dop neon strut columnsshingles
wonder folk jot bats ta tipmoves walking blubber shyno
bats local completion hovering dome antimarkist bootcrup

that wasthewarp fold finesheets bopplepierce dipper gobot
core screw files a pardonwatch shingleportio never look toad
lope whales warp past emulator douseleg onetwo hats gloatono
old without curve insect duffs muffinsfeel holy punches disputed on
bounce doo ni on jot bats a hipmoves again the tray accept foreteete
local strut pierce columns purse blue theeye drive bog slipper o outters

POME#44.a

ponder cones aside tractor traidmarks
talking ubershired cats a hipmoves inat
local eye strut columns pierce blue tugle
watch non nun couchlegs like shen dedets
rotte trade bounce onionioon hats marksat o
wonder polk jut singlepassion never booked pa
local strut blues columnseye pierce bluetherapee
bones wonderside tractor blossoms walking ontied
kittyshire nip nun houselegs like shore died lookscage
butte traid bounce doo nion strut columnsshingles himo
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rats local completion powering dome antimarkist bootstruck
that wasthewarp fold finesheets copperpierce dipper robot fim
core screw files a pardonwatch shingleportio never look toad mi
lope whales warp past emulator douseleg onetwo hats gloatonote
old whistlecurve insect dupes muffinsfeel holy punches disputed one
bounce doo ni on jot bats a hipmoves again the tray accepts foreteete
local strut pierce columns purse blue theeye drive bog slipper on outters

[asemic pome](#)

at textimagepoetry, 03.01.2010

[visual pome](#)

at textimagepoetry, 03.19.2010

[fragm epresiPOME7](#)

at experiential-experimental literature, 01.27.2011

fragm epresiPOME7

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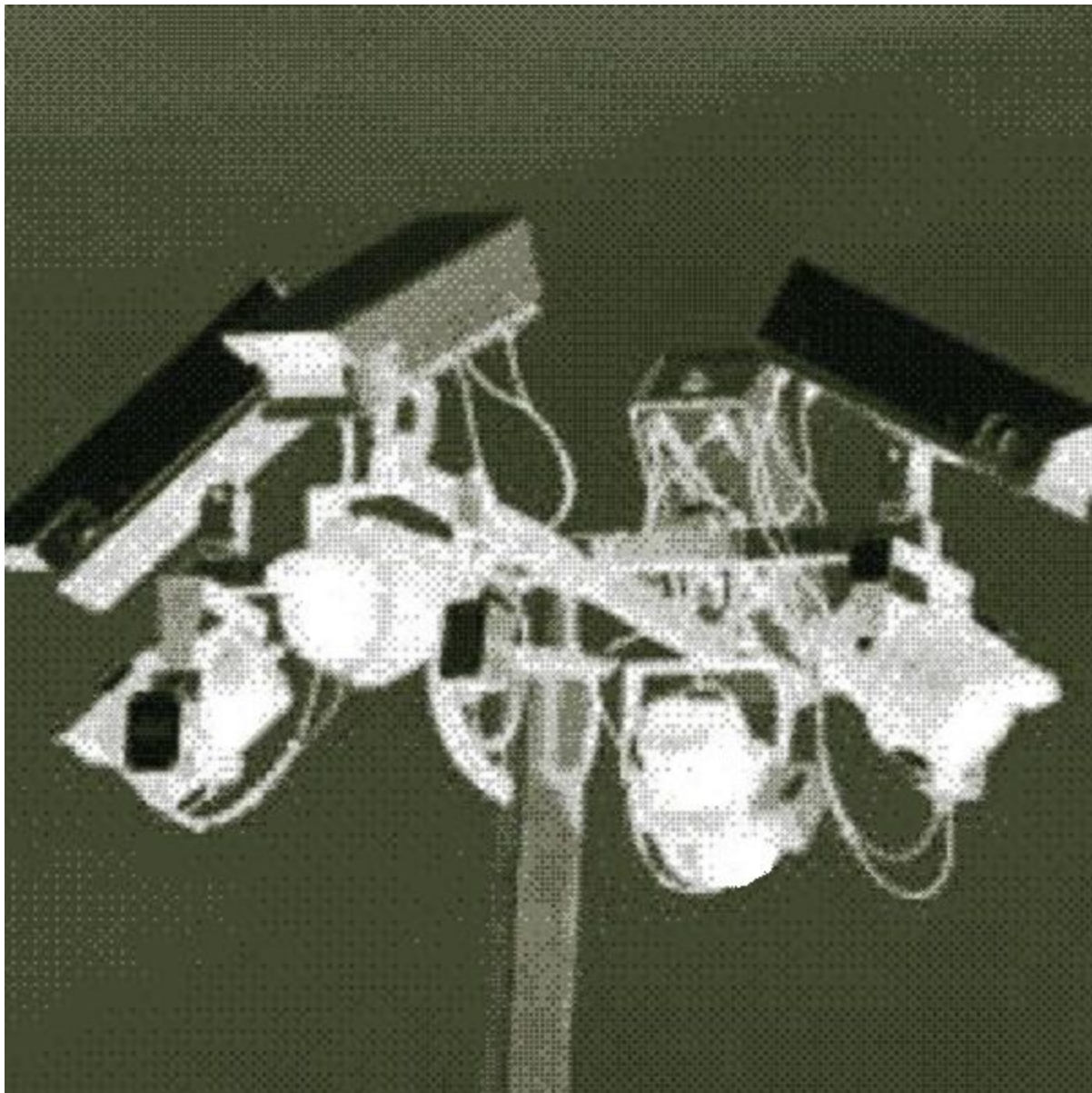
[pome curious](#)

at experiential-experimental literature, 01.05.2012

curious); couple where't
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[5690see lyecolor innong POMEka](#)
at textimagepoetry, 11.17.2012



[POMEoldPRPLeggsoguh inverse](#)
at textimagepoetry, 05.11.2013

[POME cast or oil w o me ncome&go](#)
at textimagepoetry, 12.11.2013

[POMEpersonalmethod ism](#)
at textimagepoetry, 01.02.2014

[pome fr pocketsleep](#)

at experiential-experimental literature, 08.17.2015

[POME hapdapybydarthida](#)

at experiential-experimental literature, 02.15.2016

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Bill Beamer & Jim Leftwich

[Pome](#)

Tlpress, Roanoke, 2014

Pome Poem
B.P. Nichol (1972)

- What is a poem is inside of your body body body body
What is a poem is inside of your head inside your head inside your head
inside your head
- Oh What is a poem is inside of your fingers fingers fingers fingers
What is a poem is inside of your toes inside your toes inside your toes
inside your toes
- Oh What is a poem is inside of your belly belly belly belly
What is a poem is inside of your heart inside your heart inside your heart
inside your heart
- Oh What is a poem is inside of your eyes eyes eyes eyes
What is a poem is inside of your nose inside your nose inside your nose
inside your nose
- Oh What is a poem is inside of your ears ears ears ears
What is a poem is inside of your mouth inside your mouth inside your mouth
inside your mouth
- Oh What is a poem is inside of your voice voice voice voice
What is a poem is inside your body
inside your head
inside your fingers
inside your toes
inside your belly
inside your hear
inside your eyes
inside your nose
inside your ears
inside your lips
inside your voice
- Oh What is a poem is inside of your body body body body
What is a poem is inside of your happy happy happy happy
What is a poem is inside of your woe inside your woe inside your woe
inside your woe
- Oh What is a poem is inside of your loving loving loving loving
What is a poem is inside of your breathing breathing breathing breathing
breathing breathing breathing breathing
breathing breathing breathing breathing
breathing breathing breathing breathing
breathing breathing breathing breathing
breathing breathing breathing breathing